

Santa's Helper by **urdearestmom**

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Summary: El really didn't want to be stuck here doing this job, but she really needed the money and this was all she could get on such short notice.

Santa's Helper

hey y'all! I started this literally on the 1st of December and only finished last night and I'm kinda mad at myself bc I wanted to post on Christmas Day! It was 3:11 AM for me today when I posted on ao3 but that meant that it was still Christmas in some of the time zones behind me so I guess it still counted...

Hope you all have had wonderful holidays, whether you celebrate Christmas or not!

El really didn't want to be stuck here doing this job, but she really needed the money and this was all she could get on such short notice. Santa's Workshop at Starcourt Mall had just opened for the day and while there weren't many kids lined up yet, she knew there would be. And because it was getting closer and closer to Christmas, the mall was getting fuller and fuller of crazed shoppers. Hawkins wasn't even a big city, but the number of people El saw every day was overwhelming.

Usually, there were a few kids who would act out and cause problems while they were waiting for their turn with Santa (who was really just a big man named Benny wearing a wig and a fake beard. He managed the burger joint in the food court, though, and he was really nice), and El's job was to make sure things didn't get too out of hand. So far, in her first three days on the job, kids had thrown up, had tantrums, gone potty in their pants, and started fights with other kids. She was kind of going a little insane, but once December 22nd passed, she'd be free and she'd have the money she needed to get on a plane and go visit her dad.

He lived in Florida now that he'd retired. El had gone to college in Bloomington, far removed from her upbringing in upstate New York, and she had then moved to Hawkins with a job offer after graduating. Unfortunately, the job at the newspaper wouldn't start until January, so El had been getting by on her rent payments and other necessities by working at Benny's Burgers. However, if she wanted a chance to visit her father for Christmas, she needed money for plane tickets, and so she'd had to get another job to help herself out.

Nothing particularly interesting had happened before the noon hour besides one little girl getting upset that she had to wait so long to talk to Santa (her mom hadn't been able to calm her down, so El had had to resort to escorting them from the line, which the mother hadn't been pleased about). El was minding her own business at the gate to Santa's Workshop when she looked up and saw the most gorgeous man she'd ever come across step into line.

He was tall and slender, a black denim jacket draped over him accentuating his shoulders. His entirely black outfit contrasted very nicely with the shock of purple hair on his head, which was what had initially drawn El's attention. She couldn't see him at the angles she wanted to, considering he was in line and El couldn't exactly move around and get caught creepily staring at a customer, but from what she *could* see the man was not someone who would probably be called conventionally attractive. Nevertheless, El was attracted. She'd never exactly been conventional, either.

Bonus: he looked like he was around her age, maybe a little bit older.

Her fellow elf and hall neighbour (who had told her about this job), Dustin Henderson, was smirking at her from across the line.

"See something you like, El-Bell?"

El glared at him. "Shut up, Dustin."

He snorted but didn't say anything else, and El went back to looking at the mysterious man. He was a bit closer now, and El could see that he was accompanying a little boy who looked around four. The boy was swathed in winter clothes, a puffy coat zipped all the way up paired with a thick scarf, hat, mittens, and boots. The kid certainly wouldn't be getting a cold anytime soon, although El worried he might have heat stroke with all those clothes on in the heated mall. She watched as the boy tugged on the man's hand and said something, and then the man plucked the boy's hat off. He took his own mittens off and unzipped the top of his coat, revealing his little face, which El suspected was exactly what the man had looked like when he was that small. She wondered what their relationship was. Brothers with a really wide gap? Cousins? Uncle and nephew? Possibly father and son, although that would mean this guy was

either older than he looked or the kid had been born when he was very young.

El had only looked away for a moment to make sure the next kid made it to Santa's lap without falling over, but when she turned back she found the purple haired man looking her way. He'd hefted the boy onto his hip and they were both looking at her, actually, but the man looked in a different direction as soon as he saw that she noticed. The boy, however, continued staring, and he smiled and waved when he saw El looking back at him. Her heart melted at his little grin and she waved back.

The two of them played a game of peekaboo for a few minutes as the boy and his whatever-the-man-was-to-him approached the front, and then El was taken by surprise as Dustin greeted the man. They did some weird one-handed handshake, clearly indicating that they were friends of some sort.

"Hey, man, I didn't know you worked here," said the purple haired man. And *shit*, did he ever have a nice voice. El pretended she wasn't listening as she looked back at Santa-Benny and then towards the line of kids and parents to check for any disturbances.

"Dude, I told you," Dustin answered. "You were probably too busy running after Jesse Owens there to remember."

El heard the man laugh and it filled her with a swelling feeling. *Why* was everything about this guy so enticing?

"Isn't that right, Matty?" Continued Dustin. "You like running?"

Matty must be the little boy because El heard a kid's laugh. "I love running!"

She turned around and saw the last kid getting off of Santa, so she decided to butt in real quick.

"Hey, it looks like Santa's ready for you!" She said. Matty turned away from Dustin and smiled.

"Yay!" He exclaimed, wriggling to get away from the man holding him. "Let's go see Santa!"

Matty tugged the man away with him and El raised an eyebrow at Dustin. "Who's that guy?"

Dustin gave her a sly smile. "Why, you interested?"

El didn't answer, merely rolling her eyes.

"He's single, by the way," he added. "Name's Mike. We've been friends since fourth grade."

She hummed. "That's nice. Back for Christmas?"

"No, he's back permanently."

El considered this. She wondered why she hadn't seen him around yet. Little did she know she'd be seeing this Mike around a lot more often.

It turned out that Mike was to be the new occupant of apartment 3C, just down the hall from El and across from Dustin. Apparently, Dustin had convinced Mike to move out of his parents' place and into the vacant apartment on their floor, which El came to know of one day when she was heading out for another shift at Santa's Workshop followed by one at Benny's. She was walking out of her door when a small body crashed into her legs and almost bowled her over. She looked down in shock and was surprised to find that she recognized the child. It was Matty.

"Oh, hello!" She exclaimed. "I know you!"

Matty looked up at her and gasped. "You're the pretty elf lady!"

El smiled. *Pretty*. "Why thank you. And you're Matty, right?" She was waiting almost with bated breath for that gorgeous piece of man to appear somewhere in the hallway. Why else would Matty be here?

Matty laughed. "Yes! Do you live here too?"

El's answer was interrupted by a beautifully smooth voice. "Matty, you're not supposed to talk to strangers."

Matty frowned and looked in the direction of the open door to 3C, which El hadn't even realized anyone was moving into. The beautiful Mike from last week was standing in the doorway, hair flopping messily as he leaned into the hall.

"But it's the pretty elf lady!" Matty protested.

El watched as Mike went suspiciously pink, his face clashing with his hair. All he'd have to do was wear blue and he'd almost be a walking bi pride flag. "Sorry about him," he said, shaking his head.

"Don't worry about it," El replied. "It's fine. He's so cute it doesn't even matter."

Matty grinned at her from the floor. "The pretty elf lady said I'm cute!"

Mike sighed loudly and lightly smacked his head on the doorframe. "Come inside, Matty," he pleaded. "Aren't you going to help me?"

Matty's dark hair flopped around his face as he got up, much in the same way that Mike's had moments earlier. He crossed his arms. "I want ice cream."

"It's cold outside, I'm not giving you ice cream."

Matty stomped his foot petulantly. "I don't care!"

El stifled a laugh. Matty really was adorable.

"I'm gonna mail you back to your mom, I swear," Mike announced. "Gonna wrap you up like a present and leave you with her for Christmas."

At this, Matty went streaking down the hall. "No!" He yelled. "I don't wanna go back to Mommy for Christmas!"

Matty ran inside the open apartment and El heard a thump that sounded like he'd maybe run into a wall. Nobody said anything for a moment, until Matty's voice came back out.

"I'm okay!"

El grinned and locked her door, watching Mike sigh tiredly again out of the corner of her eye. She was dropping her keys into her purse when he started making his way toward her.

"I'm Mike," he said, holding his hand out to shake. "Nice to meet you, neighbour."

"Dustin told me you were friends but he didn't say you were moving in," El answered. "Nice to meet you, though. I'm El."

"El," he repeated, as if testing how the name felt. El quite liked the way it sounded coming out of his mouth. "Cool name."

"Cool hair," she responded, immediately cringing at how awkward she was being.

Mike laughed. "Thanks. My mom never let me do anything to it growing up, so now that I'm officially out of college I thought I'd do something crazy. Usually, it looks like Matty's."

El imagined how Mike would look with dark hair, and she thought he would look just as beautiful. She didn't voice that, however.

"Well," she said, "unfortunately duty calls. Kids are waiting on the pretty elf lady at the mall."

Mike bowed dramatically. "Be on your way, pretty elf lady."

The next time she saw him was two days later. He'd come knocking at her door to ask if she wanted to join a small housewarming party of sorts, consisting of Dustin, himself, and Matty.

"I just thought it'd be cool if I could make another friend in the building," he'd said, nervously scratching the back of his head, "Dustin's the only one of the ones I grew up with that still lives here."

El, of course, jumped at the chance to get to know him better. Hanging with Dustin was always a plus, and getting to see Matty would only be the icing on the cake. So, Friday night after work, instead of lounging around her apartment on her own like a loner, El found herself walking over to 3C.

The door was opened by the man himself, but El could see Dustin horsing around with Matty on the carpet behind Mike. He smiled brightly as he let her in.

"You came!" He exclaimed. "Make yourself at home, I'm just whipping something up for dinner."

She said hello to Dustin and Matty, but they were wrapped up in their game and El's main target was Mike anyway, so she made her way to the kitchen.

"What are you cooking?" She asked. Whatever it was, it smelled delicious.

"Beef stew, I think," he answered. "But without the potatoes? So it's just beef and peas, but there's rice too."

Something about the way he said it was so cute that El couldn't help but wrinkle her nose a little as she smiled.

"Sounds good."

"Yeah, apparently Matty loves this, so I'm figuring out how to make it," Mike continued, pushing up the front of his hair with one hand and stirring the beef and peas pot with the other. "His mom likes him to eat healthy, so he shouldn't really be eating junk all that often. And we had pizza last night."

This was the second time El had heard mention of Matty's mom, and from the way Mike had mentioned her both times, it seemed like there was a complicated story there.

"His mom?" She questioned. She hoped it wasn't too forward, after all this was only the second time she had officially met Mike and she didn't want to be nosy or anything. But she was curious.

He paused, his eyebrows coming together in confusion for a second before his face cleared. "Ah, I forgot you haven't been here long," he started. "Everyone here knows about it, I forgot that you probably wouldn't."

El raised her brows expectantly, and in response, Mike pointed

towards a framed picture sitting in the back corner of the counter. It was a picture of him with Matty that looked fairly recent, and the bottom of the frame read "#1 Dad".

Oh. Matty was Mike's son. *Jesus.* Her surprise must have shown on her face because Mike laughed a little awkwardly.

"Yeah, Matty was a bit of an accident," he said. "High school girlfriend. She didn't find out until after we broke up, and then there were a lot of issues because I was supposed to go to college but I wanted to be around because she shouldn't have to deal with something that big on her own, you know?"

El nodded sympathetically. "I get it, don't worry. So what happened?"

Mike shrugged. "I went to college. I got to spend time with Matty whenever I was on break, but now that I finished and I moved back here I see him more often. This year he's spending Christmas with me and then I'm driving him back to Chicago for New Year's."

El leaned against the counter contemplatively as she watched Mike flip the switches off on the range. The flames under the pots disappeared. "Well, I'm glad it seems like you guys have a good relationship."

"Yeah, she's cool," he said, turning to the sink to wash his hands. "We respect each other's wishes. Wouldn't date her again, but she'd be a good friend."

El didn't say anything for a moment, but Mike must have mistaken her silence for something else because he looked at her a little nervously and said, "It's not a problem, is it? Me having a kid?"

"Why would it be a problem?" What was he implying with that? Could he tell that she liked him already even without barely knowing him?

"No reason, it's just- girls usually get weird when they find out I have a kid," he answered, meeting her eyes as if *challenging* her to have a problem with it.

"Well, Matty's proven to be nothing short of the cutest kid ever, so

far," she replied.

Mike grinned. "Guys, it's time for dinner!"

Moments later, Matty and Dustin charged into the kitchen and the group seated themselves. The meal was delicious and Matty didn't make any fuss. That is, until about halfway through dinner when Mike looked up at him and Matty grinned.

"Stop doing that, we use good manners at the table," reprimanded Mike, his eyebrows scrunching together in the middle.

Matty shoveled a spoonful of peas into his mouth, slouching against the edge of the table. Dustin looked like he was about to laugh, but he didn't make any noise. The room was silent again, filled only by the sounds of forks scraping across plates, until a few moments later when Mike looked at Matty again.

"Matty," he said quietly. "I asked you to stop kicking me. We're eating."

Matty's whole face screwed up as if he was about to scream, and then it cleared and he grinned, showing his teeth. "I wasn't kicking you, I was loving you with my toes!"

Dustin snorted loudly and El almost choked on her rice. Mike closed his eyes and put a hand to his forehead, but she could see him struggling to keep a straight face. Matty giggled at the reactions of the adults around him, finding the whole situation hilarious.

"Just eat your food, Matty, okay?" Said Mike resignedly after a moment.

"Okay, Daddy!" Exclaimed the little boy, promptly returning to his dinner.

El looked between a sniggering Dustin and an exasperated Mike and had to bring a forkful of beef to her mouth to keep from laughing.

The rest of dinner was uneventful, but then afterwards when Matty tugged on the edge of El's sweater to ask if she wanted to stay for the movie they were going to watch, she couldn't say no. He was too

cute. And it helped that she could see his dad starting to blush and say she didn't have to if she didn't want to.

"Nonsense and poppycock!" She decreed. "Matty wants me to stay, don't you?"

"Poppycock!" He screeched. "Daddy, what's poppycock?"

Two hours later found Dustin snoring in the armchair and Matty snuggled under Mike's arm, sandwiched between his dad and their neighbour on the couch. The two left were softly talking over Matty's head, the end of *Home Alone* playing in front of them.

"So what are you doing for Christmas?" Asked Mike, shifting as Matty slid lower.

"Hopefully flying to Florida to spend it with my dad," El answered him. "I got the elf job so I could buy plane tickets."

Mike nodded, pressing further into the couch cushions. "That's nice. We're going to my parents', hopefully my older sister makes it."

"Where does she live?" Questioned El, curiosity piqued.

"New York, so we don't see her too often."

A smile broke across her face. "That's cool! I'm from New York!"

Mike wrinkled his nose. "You're from New York and you moved to middle-of-nowhere, Indiana?"

This sparked a laugh in El and Mike joined her. "I'm from upstate New York, not New York City. It's pretty much boringsville up there too. Hawkins isn't so bad though, I like it here."

"Yeah? What about it?"

She smiled. "It's homey. And the people are nice."

She wasn't sure if he got what she was implying with that, but it felt good to at least get her foot in the door with trying to make a move. Maybe after Christmas...

Waking up on the morning of Christmas Eve with her bags packed and ready to fly, El had a feeling that something was off. When she looked out the window, she knew why: it was snowing. *Hard*. Her flight was probably delayed or even cancelled. With a sinking heart and mounting stress, she caught her bus out of town to Indianapolis' airport.

Luckily, she made it to the airport with only a minor delay, but the counter for the flight she was supposed to be on was suspiciously empty and the workers overly frazzled for it being so early in the morning.

"Hi, I'm checking in for the flight to Fort Lauderdale?" She said, sliding her ticket and passport across the counter. The woman behind it looked at her tiredly.

"We're sorry ma'am, but all flights have been cancelled until the storm blows over. You can call us then and we'll be able to offer you a seat on the next flight out," she explained. "Merry Christmas and I'm sorry for the inconvenience."

El thanked her and went to go sit in a chair in the middle of the terminal. *What am I supposed to do now?* She sat there with her bags by her feet for a few minutes, slightly panicking and in denial, before she accepted that there was nothing she could do.

"Guess I'll find a payphone..." She muttered, getting up to look for one. There was one at the other end of the terminal by the security gate, and she punched in her dad's number with shaking fingers and burning eyes.

He picked up on the third ring. "Hello?" Came his gruff voice.

"Hey, Dad," said El sadly, pulling at her scarf.

"What's wrong, kid?"

She sighed. Of course he would be able to tell immediately that something was wrong. "There's a storm. My flight's cancelled."

Her dad blew out a breath. "I'm sorry, Ellie."

"I'm sorry too, Dad. I really miss you."

"Well, there's nothing much you can do, is there?"

"Not really," she answered. "They told me to call when the storm's over and they'll put me on the next flight out. But I don't think that'll be before tomorrow..."

"So what are you gonna do?" He asked.

"I don't know. I have some friends, but they're spending Christmas with their families."

She talked to her dad for a few more minutes before her time was running out. "I gotta go, Dad, I'm sorry. I'll see you soon. Love you."

"I love you too, kid. See you soon." He hung up and El sagged against the payphone in defeat. She was hoping that a bus back to Hawkins was leaving soon.

Unfortunately, the bus schedule told her that the bus she'd been on had left already and that the next one wouldn't be in for twelve hours, and it was with trepidation that she walked back into the airport, wracking her brains for what to do. She only had two friends she could call, but both of them were probably busy. She figured she'd try anyway.

She called Dustin first, but when he didn't pick up she remembered that he had told her he'd be leaving his apartment early to help his mom prep the house for their visiting family. He was probably gone already. Feeling the desperation of not wanting to be stuck at the airport all day, El dialed Mike's landline and prayed he would pick up.

The dial tone seemed to go on forever as she waited, but then the phone clicked as someone answered.

"Hi!"

El could almost taste salvation, but she still had to know if she could even get out of the city. "Hi, Matty. Could you put your dad on the phone, please? It's El."

"Daddy!" Screamed Matty. "It's for you!"

Mike's voice sounded tinny and far away as he responded. "I told you not to answer the phone, only I do that, okay?"

"But it's not bad people."

"For the love of God... hello?"

"Hi, Mike, it's El. Hope I'm not interrupting anything important?"

"Hey!" He didn't sound particularly stressed about anything... "No, we're not leaving till later. What's up? I thought you were supposed to be at the airport."

El sighed into the phone. "I am, but my flight got cancelled because of the snow and the bus back home isn't coming for twelve hours. Is there any way you could help me out? I tried Dustin but I think he's already at his mom's."

"Yeah, he left, like, twenty minutes ago," Mike answered, confirming her suspicion. "That *sucks*, though. I can drive down and pick you up, but I'll be about two hours."

"Are you sure?" El stood straight, tense with anticipation.

"Don't worry about it!" He reassured. "My car's good with snow, I'll get there fine. It would suck for you to have to spend Christmas Eve stranded at the airport."

"Okay, so I can be at post 23 in two hours..."

El could almost cry at the good heart Mike had. He was truly a blessing in her life, in many ways. As the days had progressed since the dinner she'd had at his apartment, they had hung out more, always with Matty but a lot of times without Dustin. Mike was kind and caring, if a little hardheaded and with strong opinions. But El didn't mind; she liked a challenge in conversation. In fact, she couldn't think of much that she didn't like about Mike, and it only made her feel more and more attracted to him. He was probably the closest to her dream man that anyone had ever come.

In any case, she had to find some way to keep herself occupied until he managed to get to Indianapolis, so she dug out her copy of *Animal Farm* and started reading where she'd last left off. She was slumped over in her chair, the book nearly falling out of her grasp, when she looked at her watch and started, seeing that two hours were nearly up. She gathered her belongings and made her way outside, looking in the direction of the agreed-upon meeting spot for Mike's little blue BMW. Luckily for her, she didn't have to wait very long before it appeared in the falling snow, Mike throwing open his door and coming around to take her bags and stow them in the trunk.

El quickly tucked herself into the passenger seat, shivering as she shut the door and waited for the rumbling radiator to warm her up. Moments later, Mike jumped back into the driver's seat and drove off down the terminal in the direction of the highway.

"Thank you so much for doing this," she said. "I can't believe you actually came."

Mike smiled at her and reached out for her left hand. "It's not a problem at all. Your hands are cold, though, do you want the heat up?"

"If you can," she answered, teeth chattering.

He reached out for the knob and El noticed Matty asleep in the backseat. She giggled.

"He came for me too?"

Mike looked in the rear view mirror quickly. "Yeah, he absolutely refused to stay with my mom. Fell asleep about fifteen minutes ago, but he wouldn't stop talking the whole way about how excited he was to see you for Christmas, even though he literally saw you yesterday," he said, rolling his eyes. "He really likes you."

El smiled softly at the little boy even though he couldn't see her. "Well, I'm glad. I'm gonna miss him when he goes back to his mom."

"Yeah..."

"How long until you have him next?"

Mike kept his eyes on the road as he calculated. "Three weeks? I think that's what we agreed on. It's better than the months it used to be because of college."

El nodded, looking out her window at the rapidly building snowdrifts on the sides of the highway. "Do you ever think about what it would've been like if he'd never been born?"

She saw Mike's purple locks flop a little as he flicked them out of his eyes.

"Sometimes. I don't know if I would've made the same mistake if I could go back," he replied. "It's been hard on both of us as young parents. But," he added, "Although I would've supported Isabel in whatever she wanted, I'm glad she didn't end it. He's an amazing kid and I love him more than anything."

They were all silent for a moment before Mike tapped at the steering wheel randomly and asked, "What about you? You ever think about having kids?"

El nodded. "Sometimes. I want to get settled in first. Have a good, stable job, a place to live, and maybe marriage first. But that's not necessarily an absolute."

He hummed in response. "Sounds reasonable."

"Yeah," laughed El. "I have the place and I'm going to have the job, now all I need is a boyfriend. But one of those isn't as easy to find."

Mike cut her a quick look. "Dustin could totally set you up, he's good at that."

"Oh, trust me, he's already tried."

"Really? With who?"

And so El launched into the stories of all her failed dates with guys Dustin had set her up with, she and Mike crying laughing by the end. Matty was still soundly asleep and tinkling Christmas music was streaming through the radio. Snow continued falling thickly outside, but it wasn't much of a hindrance. The BMW was a beast in winter.

They were probably halfway back before Mike uttered a surprised, "Oh!"

"I'm so stupid!" He exclaimed. "I just remembered this probably means you'll be spending Christmas on your own, yeah?"

El shrugged. "Yeah, I don't know when I'll be able to get to my dad."

"Why don't you come over with us? My mom loves having guests," he suggested. "And then you can go right back to your place when I go home."

She considered it. "If you're sure it's okay."

"Absolutely!"

It turned out she had absolutely nothing to worry about. Mike's family was more than welcoming, although she could tell his father didn't really have much holiday spirit. Matty was excited to tell his aunts and his grandmother all about how El was an elf who worked with Santa and that she must be really nice if Santa picked her. Dinner was a delicious meal prepared by the matriarch of the household, and El could understand where Mike got his cooking skills from. His sisters, although one much younger, were both equally interesting people to talk to and interact with. El found herself a bit sad that she would likely never have reason to hang out with them again. The only issue came up when Mike, El, and Matty were getting ready to leave: they were about to be snowed in, and Mrs. Wheeler absolutely refused to let them leave under such conditions.

So, El ended up sharing a room with the older sister, Nancy. She didn't make a fuss about having to share with a woman she'd just barely met, which El was grateful for. They'd just have to make ground digging Mike's car out in the morning.

Coincidentally, the next morning El woke early. Nancy was still asleep, and it seemed the rest of the house was as well. But when she made her way to the bathroom she'd been shown the night before with her toiletry bag, she found Mike stumbling out his door, already dressed. He started when he saw her and she laughed at his

expression.

"Merry Christmas, Mike," she whispered.

He rubbed his eye and yawned. "Merry Christmas, El. Slept well?"

"Yup," she answered, entering the bathroom and taking her toothbrush out of the bag she brought. "Thanks again for letting me celebrate with you."

"You're welcome, it was a pleasure," he replied.

He stood by the door waiting for her to finish brushing her teeth and then her hair, and then they switched places, except El went back to the room to change into her day clothes. When she came out and went downstairs, it was only to bump into Mike in the doorway to the kitchen, and she suddenly had an urge to look up.

What she saw threw her heart into her throat. A sprig of mistletoe was attached to the beam right above Mike's head, which meant that...

He had followed her gaze. "Oh, uh, we don't have to do that," he stuttered, face fire quickly spreading. "My mom just puts it up to mess with us."

However, as El saw it, she had two options and only one of them was viable. So she followed her instincts, throwing caution to the wind and grasping Mike's arms lightly over his sweater as she leaned up to give him the kiss that the mistletoe demanded.

Pulling apart moments later, neither opened their eyes right away, both savouring the feeling of what was surely the first of many kisses.

Finally, they opened their eyes, and upon making eye contact they both started giggling like little kids who just opened presents on Christmas morning, because that was essentially what they were.

"Merry Christmas again, Mike," said El happily.

"The Merriest of all," he responded.

El was definitely going places with this nut by her side.

tell me what you thought and what you would like to see from me next!